11: Murphy
539. 773

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[For the texts of 58 Mundurucu myths and folktales, see category 116, pp 70-132.]

XXI

Funerary honors for warriors who die in battle

766 When a Munduruco happens to die in the course of one of their frequent wars, his comrades cut off his head and mummify it in the accustomed manner.

Upon their return to the village, they put it in a special place along with the weapons, horn and ornaments which belonged to the dead warrior.

765 This relic becomes the object of public veneration.

If a Munduruco from a neighboring tribe happens to come by, he goes to see it and pays it the proper respects, weeping and lamenting its fate. In the native village, public honors are paid to the late warrior; the time is settled in advance and invitations are made to neighboring villages.

When the time comes the people get together; the head is laid in a sort of basket or hamper, which is placed across the laps of the widow, mother and sisters of the dead man.

The other women sit around them in a circle. Several torches of resinous wood blaze near the funerary basket.

The warriors, bedecked with ornaments and armed with bows and arrows, dance around the group, blowing their horns and playing other musical instruments.

Other groups of men do likewise inside the ekçam while some dance and sing around the house where the head receiving these funerary honors is located. All the while they pronounce in loud voices the following lament:

"Thou hast died, my kinsman, we shall avenge thee; this is the [131] purpose for which we are on this earth, each to avenge the other who dies in battle. Our foes are no braver and no more manly than we."

In Mundurucu it runs as follows:

[539] "Ftean ari ubaripeinhaçan eted ei ue-gne ari utiede aipanme idie ðpe te ateðeiame rupanhõ be tean anhem parui áte bé. Uterupanhon ibeixi ame utie de utedie ute beixi."

These funerary celebrations last for longer than one day.

They are held once a year for the first four years following the warrior's death.

On the fourth year, the celebration ends with the burial of the head; on this occasion, the women as well as the men address it with the following words:

"My brother (or my son), we have come here to bury thee. Thou hast died; to this end were thou born. Thou hast died in war, because thou wert brave; to this end did our mothers and fathers nurture us. We must not fear our foe. Whosoever dies in war dies with honor. It is not as death from illness. We have come from all the malocas to weep and dance to the end of thy burial."

The Munduruku version runs as follows:

"Uaxhum inhaçan uxé xôte ôcú tchâme. Imxhame ari utiẽ bai utiẽ mai pâome. Exeá uaxhum uxẽ rupaxhum bẽ anhocate edẽ. Imxhame utiẽ xi utiẽ me pipo utiẽ bai ari ut utiẽ tebé anhocate epeçupeidie ipi bé utiẽ parara ama utiẽ rupaxhum bẽ-xime. Rupaxhum-bẽ rié a ẽen anhocate edẽ tutu ue-e utié rupaxhum bẽ-thé pame une pite idiorié ma utié pa-âme pai bẽ:ime cauxi pibâne. Idiorié utitsote anhuncaxiri bẽsi caracuie cuié ãẽ uadime uxé cabé uxe racui axirau umãe iueipe iné utiẽ uéné pam utié sote nhaçam achi-tuxtne pre ibiman utie diepite diei." [132]

At the same time, around the funerary basket, the women speak as from the dead man's mouth:

"My mother (or my wife), thou wilt die in bed of illness. I died in war because I was brave."

In the course of these ceremonies the shamans blow on a special instrument: it is a kind of horn which they call caruquẽ.

To this end the shaman hides in a small hut which is especially built for the purpose, and where the women are strictly forbidden to enter.

On the other hand, these superstitious women avoid the sight of that sacred and mysterious instrument in every possible way. They are convinced that were they to glance at the caruquẽ but for an instant, they would commit a sacrilege that would cause them misfortune for the rest of their lives.

village hunters during the coming year by keeping her children close by and in large numbers. The reply is always favorable.

Then he calls in turn upon the "mother" of the deer and of all other animals the Mundurucu wish to encounter in the course of the hunt.

The fishing celebration is similar in every way.

In addition to those ceremonies consecrated to the tutelary deities of hunting and fishing, the Mundurucu have a yearly cultivation celebration at the start of summer [134]

Men and women stand in a row, blowing a kind of horn called ken; while singing and dancing they call upon the "mothers" of manioc, maize, etc., in the following way:

"Oh, 'mother' of manioc, favor us with the fruit of thy children. Do not allow us to go hungry. Every year we entreat thee; we never forget thee."

The shamans sing this invocation before the people, who repeat it in chorus.

The Mundurucu runs as follows:

"Mucẽipixi eirũ bereˊ bereme u tiedieˊ imenediẽ diei chipanme mucẽ deˊ aipanem itabungue dieˊeˊ taraibote ama epõtepõte dieˊe imenediẽ tutu utieˊ-die araiarai utecõpe ixi abime pame euatu abime eirũ berereme bate que meˊaipanhate ueréˊ mon utie caroi dieˊai panme tuman."

XXIII

Mission of Bacabal -- History -- Persistent struggle between the leading citizens of the district and the missionary

The Imperial Government has spared no effort to bring into the lap of civilization those bands that wander through the valley of the Upper Tapajoz. It was to this end that the Mission of Bacabal was founded in 1872 by order of the Government.

This mission, calling as it did to all the Mundurucu Indians who lived on the banks of the Upper Tapajoz, was the immediate

11: Murphy E-5 (1952-1953) 1958
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44. THE TORTOISE AND THE DEER PLAY A GAME

×539 Two tortoises were playing together on a hill at a game which they called *karurapenpenpenpen*. There was a clean, straight path on the side of the hill that terminated at the bottom in a tree. The tortoises climbed to the top of the path and rolled back down it, shouting, *karurapenpenpenpen* as they descended. When they neared the tree at the bottom, they pulled their heads into their shells and struck the tree with a loud noise.

The deer arrived on this scene and watched their game with great curiosity. "What are you doing, Yautí?" he asked. "We are playing *karurapenpenpenpen*," they answered. "Try it yourself. It is lots of fun." The deer responded that they would have to teach him, and the tortoises said, "Just watch what we do and follow us." Down the hill they rolled, shouting "*karurapenpenpenpen*," and pulled their heads into their shells just before striking the tree. The deer followed after them, gaily crying, "*karurapenpenpenpen*," but having no shell his head smashed into the tree and he was killed.

The tortoises thought this funny. "Weh, weh, weh," they chortled, clapping their hands. They then sat down and ate the deer.

45. THE TORTOISE RACES WITH THE DEER

One day the deer said jokingly to the tortoise, "Yautí, do you think that you can keep up with me if we run together?" The tortoise immediately replied, "Yes. I can keep up with you." The deer did not believe him, and they agreed to run together the following day.

The tortoise then went to all the other tortoises and posted them along the line of the race. He instructed them, "Whenever the deer calls out 'Yautí,' answer him." The tortoise himself waited at the finish line.

When the race started, the deer ran for a while and then, curious to see whether the tortoise had kept the pace, called out "Yautí." "Ah?" came the answer from a tortoise posted along the route. The deer ran faster and later called again. Again he was answered and he ran even faster. This happened several more times and each time the deer ran faster. Finally he fell over dead from exhaustion. All the tortoises laughed, "Weh, weh, weh," and clapped their hands. They then sat down and ate the deer.

46. THE TORTOISE, THE JAGUAR, AND THE ALLIGATOR

One day the tortoise was traveling through the forest and passed under a najá palm in the top of which some prego monkeys were eating the palm fruit. He stopped to eat some of the fruit which had fallen to the ground when the monkeys spied him. "Ah, there is Yautí," they exclaimed. "Come up and eat with us, Yautí." The tortoise replied that he could not climb, and two of the monkeys went down and carried him to the top of the tree. He ate najá fruit with them until they departed, leaving him alone in the tree.

A passing jaguar saw the tortoise in the top of the tree and called to him, "How did you get up there, Yautí?" "I climbed," answered the tortoise. The jaguar, who